

My Grief on the Sea (Mo bhrón ar an bhfarraige)

By

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EXT. SEAFRONT PEIR BANGOR. DAWN

An old man is stood facing the sea with his back to the camera, camera is on-looking from a distance. His posture is slumped, and he continues to stare fixated and unmoving at the vast open sea. The only sound and movement comes from the gulls and the motion of the water.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)
(in Irish Gaelic)
Mo Bhrón ar an bhfarraige (My greif
is of the sea). Is é tá mór, Is é
gabháil idir mé (What a gulf it is,
which separates my love)

For the first time we see the man's face . We focus on his eyes and his gaze is distant, his eyes glassy almost tearful. A tear begins to swell in the old man's eye, and streams down his face.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)
(in Irish Gaelic)
's mo mhíle stór. (my world from
his)

The tear rolls down the old mans cheek, and he closes his eyes and rubs them.

INT. QUAIN T OLD-FASHION KITCHEN SET. NIGHT

In a clustered and old-fashioned kitchen set, streetlight/moonlight comes in from the window. An old woman in a nightgown and dressing-gown is sat at a wooden table with a bowl in front of her (also a cup of warm malt huddled in her hands) and another across the table though no-one is seated there, but there re wellington boots under the table at the seat, and a jacket thrown over the back. Shadows are cast across her face emphasising the tiredness and lines. The old woman stares intently at the empty space, eyes bloodshot but distant.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)
(in Irish Gaelic)
Fagadh san mbhaile mé, Déanamh
bróin. (I was left at home, where i
sat grieving). Gan aon tsúil tar
sáile liom, choíche ná go deo.
(Forever without, any hope of
leaving)

The old woman looks up and out of the window (which is off screen). Camera Pans across the room starting from the old woman to the wall edge.

INT. QUAIN T OLD-FASHION BEDROOM SET. NIGHT

The old woman is lying on a bed, on her side, in an almost fetal position facing into the middle of the bed, the lighting is cold and blue in this shot, her eyes are scrunched shut, and her body language look almost in pain.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)
(in Irish Gaelic)
Leaba Luchra, Bhí fum aréir (I
slept in a bed, that was hard last
night)

A tear falls from the old woman's eyes.
Agus chaith mé amach é, Le teasan
lae. (and I threw it out when it
grew light)

In the background the sound of gulls emerges, suggesting a shift in time, the light grows warmer and the old woman less tense. The camera pans during this shift, and reveals the old man lying on the bed now looking at the old woman lovingly, he is on his side.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)
(in Irish Gaelic)
Tháinig mo ghássa, le mo thabth.
(My love came to me and lay at my
side)

The old man and woman are looking at each other, for the first time, neither one is distant, with a smile on their faces.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)
(in Irish Gaelic)
Guhlainn ar ghualainn, agus béal
ar bhéal. (shoulder to shoulder, a
little while)

The old man is smiling, but there is still a tear in his eye, the warm lighting gives way to a slightly cooler lighting, and the sound of gulls becomes more audible. The camera then pans from the old man to the empty space where the old woman was.

EXT. SEAFRONT PEIR BANGOR. DAWN

Camera cuts to a very wide shot of the same pier and seascape in daylight once more.

FADE OUT